

The Forest Republican

VOL. XVI. NO. 44.

TIONESTA, PA., WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1884.

\$1.00 PER ANNUM.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Table with advertising rates: One Square, one inch, one insertion... One Square, one inch, one month... One Square, one inch, three months... One Square, one inch, one year... Two Squares, one year... Quarter Column, one year... Half Column, one year... One Column, one year...

Legal notices at established rates. Marriage and death notices gratis. All bills for yearly advertisements collected quarterly. Temporary advertisements must be paid in advance. Job work, cash on delivery.

ONLY GOING TO THE GATE.

Like a bell of blossoms ringing, Clear and childlike, shrill and sweet, Floating in the porch's shadow, With the fainter fall of feet, Comes the answer softly backward, Bidding tender watcher wait While the baby-queen outruns her, "Only going to the gate."

MESMERISM.

"That is merely a sham sleep," whispered a well-known Seventh street physician to the reporter, while seated near the stage one night witnessing the feats in mesmerism, which have since become the talk of the town.

The professor had touched his first subject's eye-lids, making him sink into an apparent deep sleep. "Merely a sham sleep," continued the physician. "Mesmerism is all a snare and a fraud. When Mesmer made his first exhibitions in Paris, in 1778, Benjamin Franklin gave the subject serious attention, and after long and careful examinations he declared that Mesmer and mesmerism were humbugs. The medical fraternity has no reason to-day to believe otherwise."

"What was Franklin doing in Paris at that time? I thought he was an American citizen." "So he was. He was the American minister to Paris, and was one of nine commissioners appointed by the king of France to investigate Mesmer."

"Have you ever before been present at an exhibition of this kind? Did you see Carpenter at Melodeon hall last year?" "No, to both questions; but common sense tells me that Ben Franklin was right, and I am positive that I will go out of here to-night with unshaken faith in him."

Two victims in apparent mesmeric sleep were now seated side by side upon the stage. The eyes of one were shut tight, while the eye-lids of the other, but partly closed over the eye-balls, quivered constantly.

"We will now show you what queer appetites these gentlemen possess," began the professor on the stage, handing an ordinary wax-candle to each of the sleepers, who immediately crunched the tit-bits with every appearance of delight. When the candles were half eaten and every particle of wax sucked from the bare ends of the wicks, the physician found his voice again.

"They do seem to be under some strange influence," he said, "but be sure they are merely playing a part, and understand what they are doing just as well as you or I. The candles are no doubt made to order, of some palatable composition, and are not so disagreeable in taste as they look. Let me tell you about one of the experiments which convinced the French commission that Mesmer was a humbug."

The audience was so thoroughly occupied in laughing at the antics of the sleeping candle-eaters that the doctor's chatter did not disturb any one in the least.

"Fire away."

"Well, sir, they called a woman who had been one of Mesmer's favorite subjects into a room apart from the place where the experiments were usually conducted, and after bandaging her eyes one of the number opened and closed the outer door sharply, at the same time saying aloud, so that she might hear: 'Ah, Dr. Mesmer, you are just in time. We are perfectly ready for the manipulation.' Then another pretended to speak to the mesmerizer and requested him to begin. Nothing was done. The commissioners sat quiet, watching the woman. In three minutes she began a nervous shivering. Then she put her hands to her head, as though it pained her; she complained of a prickly feeling in her hands and arms. She became rigid, struck her hands together, got up stiffly from her seat and stamped on the floor; seemed not to hear when spoken to, nor to feel pain when pricked with a pin. In a word, she was completely mesmerized—by nothing."

"Who was Mesmer, and what was his idea of the phenomenon?" "He was an English physician, and made his first public exhibition of what he claimed was a discovery that would revolutionize the practice of medicine in 1778. He claimed that his power was in a volatile fluid which passed from the mesmerizer into the body of the subject, and surrounded himself on the stage with a lot of cumbrous machinery calculated to excite suspicion. The patient was compelled to seat himself in a chair raised above the stage upon four iron rods, and his motions and grimaces were of the most grotesque nature. These gentlemen make use of no number of that kind, I see, and in that respect are far ahead of the old professors."

The candles were almost wholly eaten, now, and the professor gently rubbed the eye-lids of one of the eaters. He came out of his sleep at once, and after looking about in a dazed way for a second, suddenly caught sight of the candle-end in his hand. He gave it an involuntary toss from him, sending it plump into the reporter's lap, and then spit out a mouthful of the half-chewed wax.

The candle end was genuine, and was never designed for edible purposes, as the Seventeenth street physician acknowledged, after taking a bite out of it.

To more subjects were presently put to sleep and the professor proceeded to plunge a needle in the cheek of the one on the right, drawing it out at perhaps half an inch from its entrance and leaving a thread behind it, precisely as though the stitch had been taken in so much dead cloth. The threaded needle was passed through the cheek of the other sleeper, and the ends of the thread were tied, leaving the subjects united. While the needles were entering their flesh the victims sat perfectly still, not a motion or a twitch of the eyelid giving evidence of pain.

"Is that a sham?" "Well, I—really, this is most astounding. If the men were feigning sleep they would certainly flinch when the needle pricked them, and yet I cannot believe otherwise."

It was evident that the physician's faith in Ben Franklin's report to the king of France was in danger of giving way before the evidence of his own eyes, and the reporter left him deeply interested in the experiments which followed. One of the students of the Miami medical college has given this subject particular attention and study since the exhibitions in this city last season, and was found perfectly ready to tell the Enquirer something about the mysterious science.

"It is neither a sham nor a delusion," said he, tilting back his chair until the center of gravity was in danger of being overcome, and placing his thumbs in the arm-holes of his vest, while his boots went up and rested on the table-top. Franklin and his associates had settled on their verdict before they saw Mesmer. Common sense told them that he was a charlatan, and they reported accordingly, although for once common sense was wrong. But, cut and dried as the whole business was, they could not help saying in their report: 'In truth it was impossible not to recognize the great power or agency which held the patients under its dominion, and of which the magnetism appeared to be the sole depository.' This was in 1778, and although the world has had a hundred years and over in which to accept a simple truth, there are reputable physicians to-day in this city who laugh at the science. It is very simple. Almost anyone can acquire it."

"Can anyone acquire it?" "The art of mesmerizing."

"Do I understand you to say that almost any reader of the Enquirer can learn to put persons to sleep at will?" "Yes, and after that can make them perform whatever antics he may desire."

"This was a bold statement, and was taken with a grain of salt. 'In his book entitled 'Mesmerism in India,' Mr. James Esdalle, M. D., tells how he taught his assistants to exercise the power, so that they all became as expert as himself in the art. It only requires that a person shall be healthy, tractable and patient, with a firm faith in himself, and blessed with a strong will and concentration of mind. Dr. Esdalle discovered his own power by accident, and as some of your readers may wish to try their own hand at the art I don't mind telling you just how he went about it the first time. One of his patients was in the most intense agony, which nothing would relieve, and turning to his servant, Dr. Esdalle said: 'I have read of mesmerism as a relief of pain, and I have a great mind to try it on this man; but, as I have never seen it practiced, probably I will not succeed.'"

"He then placed the patient's knees between his own and began to pass his hands slowly over the man's face, at the distance of an inch, and carried them down to the pit of his stomach. This was continued for half an hour before a word was spoken, but at the end of that time the man was found perfectly sensible and coherent. The passes were continued for fifteen minutes longer, and then, when about to give up in despair, the patient said that there was smoke in the room. This smoke was really a magnetic haze which always precedes the sleep of the magnetized. The doctor now breathed on the man's head, and continued passing his hands over his face and in the region of the pain until the patient drew a long breath of relief and said, sleepily: 'You are my father and my mother, and have given me life again.' After half an hour the sick man's face was in perfect repose. He paid no attention when his name was called loudly, and a pin driven to his head in the fleshy part of his leg produced no effect upon him whatever. Fire was then applied to his knees, without his shrinking in the least, and liquor ammoniac that would bring tears to your eyes was inhaled by him for some minutes without causing an eyelid to quiver. Dr. Esdalle then concluded that his first experiment was a success. This story is strictly true, and when you tell your readers about it be sure to call their attention to the fact that the operator was strong, self-willed and healthy, while the subject was weak and debilitated."

"Does the magnetic sleep pass off in the same way as ordinary slumber?" "Yes; or it may be dissipated by blowing sharply on the subject's eyes, rubbing the eye-lids and eyebrows, or sprinkling cold water on the face. When locally applied these methods are equally efficacious in decataleping rigid limbs.

Suppose your arm is catalepted or mesmerized so that it will require considerable force to bend it. By merely blowing on it, rubbing it gently, or letting a few drops of cold water fall on it, the operator may relax its rigidity and restore the arm to its normal condition. Professor Carpenter came down among the audience, at Melodeon hall, last season, and mesmerized me against my will, so that I followed him to the stage and did every thing commanded while in the magnetized sleep.

"You will notice that immediately upon coming out of the magnetic sleep nine out of every ten men will bury their faces in their hands, as though they were suddenly struck blind. This is because the pupil of the eye is momentarily insensible to light. The subject knows that his eyes are open and he does not see; the thought fills him with horror, and involuntarily his face goes down into his hands and groans in agony at the thought. The blindness, however, soon passes off, and the retina recovers its sensibility by a little rubbing of the eye. I have been there, and I know what I am talking about."

"Some persons can not be mesmerized, I understand."

"That is true. Persons of a highly sensitive nature, or those weak in body or mind, are not easily affected."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

The Oldest Reigning Dynasty.

Mutehito I., one hundred and twenty-third emperor of Japan, is now thirty-three years old, having reigned since the death of his father, which took place in 1867. He was born at Kioto on the 23d day of the ninth month of year Kayei, and was the second son of the late Emperor Komei, and the Empress Fujiwara Asako. When about nine years old he was nominated prince imperial and heir apparent and succeeded to the throne on the 13th of February, 1867, being crowned at his birthplace on the 12th of October in the succeeding year. A few days afterward the new emperor chose the formula "Meiji," to designate his reign, and married early the next year, the accomplished daughter of a noble of the first rank. There is no other monarch in the world who can boast so unbroken a descent from so ancient a stock as the mikado. The Chinese, it is true, claim that their history commences some three thousand years before the birth of Christ—for it is unnecessary to treat gravely such records as profess to deal with the fabulous dynasties of heaven, earth and man. Against the five thousand years or so to which Chinese historians lay claim as the period during which monarchs have ruled this land, the Japanese place only two thousand five hundred and forty-four. They date their calendar from the ascension of Jimmu Tenno, which, according to the best authorities, took place on the 7th of April, 660 B. C. Even this modest claim has been disputed, certain rationalizing spirits of modern times maintaining that Jimmu is a myth. But this skepticisms wants more to support it than the mere antiquity assigned to him. There is nothing unlikely in the fact that a person said to have reigned in Japan while Tullus Hostilius was reigning in Rome was at least as real as his confrere of the West. But whatever may be the truth, he Jimmu a myth or a reality, the fact remains that while China has had two-and-twenty dynasties Japan has had but one. In China the throne has frequently been seized by parvenus. Savage chiefs from Manchuria and Turkestan, slaves raised to the doubtful honor of court favorites—even servants in a Buddhist monastery—have in many instances ousted the reigning sovereign and assumed the imperial yellow. But in Japan there has been one long, unbroken line of monarchs, the longest, oldest dynasty in the world, in comparison with which the Guelphs and Hapsburgs are nouveaux riches and the Romanoffs of yesterday.—North China Herald.

Dropped Dead on the Track.

Henry Farris, a Kentucky horse trainer, seventy-four years old, says that he is probably the oldest turfman in America. In recounting some stories of racing in the early days, he said to a Louisville Commercial reporter:

"Forty-four years ago I saw the Gray Eagle and Wagner race, undoubtedly the most exciting ever run in the world. Every State in the union was represented. There were no railroads or other transportation accommodations in those days, but people flocked from everywhere, and the attendance on that day numbered easily thirteen thousand. Kentucky was represented by the great Gray Eagle and Virginia by Wagner. From the first it was evident that Gray Eagle or Wagner would win the race. They took the lead, and as they rounded the quarter stretch Gray Eagle led the way by an open length. Both jockeys plied the whip vigorously. Wagner gradually closed the gap and landed at the stand half a length ahead of the great Kentucky steed. The stakes were \$30,000, and in addition to this Campbell, the owner of Wagner, told me he won \$13,000 on side bets. In those days pool-selling, or a regulated system of betting was unknown.

"The man who wanted to gamble generally proclaimed from a box. An agent always accompanied the capitalist to make a report of the bet his employer made. An instance which tended to increase the excitement of the day was the death of a man named Peck. He was a Kentuckian, and had bet every cent he possessed, amounting, I believe, to \$15,000, on Gray Eagle. He stationed himself near the spot which marked the finish, and when he saw that he had lost he dropped dead on the spot. I have witnessed every event of importance in the way of racing since that memorable day, and have never seen, nor do I expect to see, a contest so exciting or full of general interest. A barrel of money changed hands on the result."

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

It has been thought that the freezing of the sap causes trees to expand in cold weather. Professor Thomas Meahan finds, however, that such is not the case, as the trees contract to a considerable extent.

Granulated milk, according to the Medical Record, is made by subjecting milk to a heat of 130 degrees until the watery part has been evaporated. Then it is granulated, and sugar is added, when it looks like corn meal. It is less solid than condensed milk, and with water closely resembles natural milk.

Professor J. König proposes to purify town sewage and the waste waters of slaughter houses, dye works, breweries, etc., by allowing them to trickle over a network of wire, thus exposing a large surface to the oxidizing action of the atmosphere. He recommends that the coarser impurities should first be removed by means of settling-tanks.

Some of the conclusions of science would indeed be appalling but for their practical harmlessness. Thus, geologists assert that if the contents and the bottom of the ocean were graded down to a uniform level, the whole world would be covered with water a mile deep, so much greater is the depression of the ocean bed than the elevation of the existing land.

The wheels of railway and other cars are now made of leather in France by a process of M. de la Roche. Untanned buffalo skins are cut into strips, and these are built into solid discs and strongly compressed by hydraulic presses, then bound with two iron rings. A wheel of this kind is noiseless, resists shocks, and is not liable to fracture on a journey.

On the state railways in Sweden, says the Engineering, there is generally a doctor for every thirty-two miles of line, and in this way forty-four doctors are employed by the government. The private railways have a similar system. The medical men examine all applicants for employment and reject those physically disqualified, especially by defects of sight or hearing. They also give their services to and attend to all injured by accidents on the line, to regular employes and their families in sickness, to occasional employes while engaged in service, and to laborers in the shops who have paid the same contributions as those engaged in working the line. No exception is made in the case of those who suffer from injury or disease caused by their own fault.

Babies in the Audience.

I point with pride to my record of seven or eight years on the rostrum. I have seen and heard, in my audience, legions of babies. All good babies, because all babies are good. Some are immeasurably better than others, but there are no bad babies. Mere and merely varying degrees of goodness. Some of the babies, the happy ones, cooed and laughed through the lecture. Some of them, the precious ones, talked aloud. Some of them, the sensible ones, slept through every word of it. And some, the unhappy ones, who bore upon their infant minds burdens of care and woe, fretted and cried and shrieked and howled. They have screamed until my feeble voice was inaudible to myself. And I appeal to any man or woman to say if ever I lost my temper, if ever I frowned, if ever I stopped talking because the baby screamed. If any man says I ever betrayed one sign of ill-nature or distraction, the same is a thief and a liar, and 'dassent take it up.' The babies in the audience never bother me.

I have seen them drive an audience to madness, however.

But then the audience isn't paid for listening to the baby, and I am. At least, comprehensively, I am paid for everything that goes on during my hour and a half.—R. J. Burdette.

A Delicacy Heretofore Despised.

For many years the star fish has been the great and growing enemy of the oyster. The damage done by star fish in the oyster plantation of Long Island sound alone is estimated at hundreds of thousands of dollars. Many thousands of dollars have been annually expended in dredging for these marauders and dumping them on the beach to die. After so much labor has been thereby in a measure wasted, it has been discovered that the star fish is itself a great luxury, and a most delicious soup is made of it. They are also fried and served up and garnished with parsley, and the grisly shells are being polished and used as ornamental dishes for serving meats and fish. If the taste for star fish becomes general, the oysterman will rather cultivate his acquaintance, and welcome him into the oyster beds as a benefactor.—Savannah News.

A Wonderful Swim.

Captain Haultain, thirty-two years old, weighing 196 pounds, was washed overboard at night in a terrific gale off the coast of New Zealand. He had on at the time a heavy overcoat, high sea-boots, two pairs of trousers and four shirts. Encumbered as he was, he swam for half an hour in the darkness in the wake of his ship. No boat was put out for him. He swam out of his overcoat and dived out of his boots. In waves thirty feet high he swam ashore, a distance of three miles. His vessel could also be seen, and some of his crew found him clinging to the sand with the surf breaking over him. He had been three hours in the water. His swim is considered the most wonderful on record.

There are about 66,000 locomotive engines in the world, and 120,000 passenger and 500,000 freight cars.

HOW SHOW PEOPLE WINTER.

SPENDING THEIR TIME IN PRACTISING OR TRAINING HORSES.

Perfecting Themselves for the Summer Campaign—How They Train their Horses for the Sawdust Ring.

"Do they retire into the cave of gloom and have their long, unbroken winter snore, just like the bear and other strollers? Or how do they hibernate?" The reporter addressed this question to a group of circus people, and Mr. Stickney, the manager, took the answer upon himself.

"It has often been a puzzle to me why the general public is so little informed about circus people in this country. With the doings and sayings, the fortunes and misfortunes of actors and singers and other show people, the press is very familiar, and devotes regularly an amount of space to them; but for us, the circus folks, not a line is available." Thus said the veteran equestrian, musingly. "However," he continued, "I'll tell you something about circus people. The salaries of the riders are generally large enough during the season to support them through the winter. They do not bother about giving instructions in equestrianism. The remuneration would be too small, and, beside, not every bareback rider is competent or even able to instruct others how to ride.

"With circus riders the point is to learn how to do all kinds of daring tricks on horseback, without losing their balance and hold of the steed. The manner in which they sit on their horse, whether correctly or Indian fashion, makes little difference. So you see they couldn't show others how to sit on a horse. Well, the most of them spend their winters in those few places in the country where practicing buildings are to be had. There's S. Q. Stokes' place in Fordham, N. Y., where there is a regular forty-two foot ring to practice your horses in. Those equestrians that have their own horses send them for stabling and pay a certain sum for their keep and for the privilege of practicing them. The same is true of Easton Stone's place near Newark, N. J., and of Carroll's in Westchester. Barnum only keeps large quarters for his menagerie in Bridgeport, Conn., but no practicing buildings. Well, in these different places the regular circus riders go on practicing their horses and their own limbs all through the cold weather. If they did not they would lose their skill and never improve.

"They break in and train new horses beside, and learn all kinds of new tricks for the next season. Of course, I'm only speaking in this connection of the well-known riders of reputation like Jim Robinson, Charley Fish, Frank Melville, Orrin Hollis and Willie Shotes. Of the female bare-back riders I need mention but a few, like Mme. Dockrill, Lottie Aimard, Viola Rivers and Ella Zuyanna—that's a man, by the way, but performs in women's clothes. And he's the most finished circus rider in this country and the most elegant. S. Q. Stokes graduated here. As I said before, the equestrians don't give lessons in the cold season. It wouldn't pay them. The winter circus is unknown in this country, but I am sure they would pay as well in such places as New York, Boston, Philadelphia or Chicago as they do in Paris, London or Berlin."

"How about the other circus people—the jugglers, tumblers, gymnasts?" "They're better off than we equestrians. All those that amount to anything can find all the engagements they want during the winter. They perform in theaters and such places of amusement, and generally have a series of engagements running right up to the beginning of the circus season."

"Now, Mr. Stickney, tell me the A B C of circus riding and equestrian tricks."

"I will, with pleasure. In order to make a proper ring horse, first make him bridle-wise. The horse then has the pad put on him, if he is to serve as a pad horse. To get used to that takes some time. Then you must get the horse accustomed to the ring, which is done by leading him around the circular track, and always bending his neck inside, toward the track. Then give him a long dose of 'rough riding.' If he kicks with the pad on his back, you work away at him until you make him understand that he's got to carry it and the object on top of it, and that it don't hurt him. The 'lunge rein' is also used at that period of a horse's training. When thus far bring in your objects, such as banners, hoops, flags, hurdles, drums, weapons, etc., and get him thoroughly used to them. Let him look at them and smell of them; in short, take all the fear out of him by convincing him that nothing of all this despite the noise, is going to injure him. When he has become acquainted with all these things, when the horse no longer shies and will pursue the even tenor of his way in the arena, no matter what happens, then he is a good performing horse. Only about one in every fifty horses gets that far, though, just as it is with a circus rider, too.—New York News.

Getting Even.

It will not always do to play practical jokes upon "the old man," for he may turn the tables upon you. This is what a Cleveland widower did to his daughter. She was at school in New York, and had written home to her father that she had married and was willing to be forgiven. The father forgave and welcomed home his children. By and bye it came out that the daughter had been a party to a practical joke at her father's expense, her husband being a schoolmate of her own sex. The father, having started in the forgiving business, did not turn backward, but married the "husband" himself, and suggests that in giving his daughter a mother-in-law he has "got even."

THE INVENTOR'S WIFE.

It's easy to talk of the patience of Job. Humph! Job had noddin' to try him: Ef he'd been married to 'Bijah Brown, folks wouldn't have dared comin'igh him.

Trials indeed! Now I'll tell you what—ef you want to be sick of your life, Jest come and change places with me a spell, for I'm an inventor's wife. And sech inventions! I'm never sure, when I take up my coffee-pot, That 'Bijah had'n't ben 'improvin'' it, and it mayn't go off like a shot. Why, didn't he make me a cradle once that would keep itself a-rockin'; And didn't he pitch the baby out, and wasn't his head brused shockin'?

And there was his "Patent Peeler," too—a wonderful thing, I'll say; But it hed one fault—it never stopped till the apple was peeled away. As for locks, and clocks, and mowin' machines, and reapers, and all sech trash, Why, 'Bijah's invented heaf of 'em, but they don't bring in no cash.

Law! that don't worry him—not at all; he's the aggravatin' est man— He'll set in his little workshop there, and whistle and think and plan, Inventin' a Jew's-harp to go by steam, or a new-fangled powder-horn, While the children's goin' barefoot to school, and the weeds is chokin' our corn. When 'Bijah and me kep' company he warn't like this, you know;

Our folks all thought he was dreadful smart—but that was years ago. He was handsome as any picture then, and he had such a glib, bright way—I never thought that a time would come when I'd rue my weddin' day; But when I've been forced to chop the wood, and tend to the farm beside, And look at 'Bijah a-settin' there, I've jest dropped down and cried.

We lost the hull of our turnip crop while he was inventin' a gun. But I counted it one of my marcies when it bu't before twas done. So he turned it into a "burglar alarm." It ought to give thieves a fright— 'Twould scare an honest man out of his wits, ef he set it off at night. Sometimes I wonder of 'Bijah's crazy, he does sech curious things. Hev I told you about his bested yit? 'Twas full of wheels and springs; It hed a key to wind it up, and a clock face at the head;

All you did was to turn them hands, and at any hour you said, That bed got up and shook itself, and bounced on the floor, And then shut up, jest like a box, so you couldn't seeep any more. Wa'al, 'Bijah hed fixed it all complete, and he sot it at half-past five, But he hadn't more'n got into it when—dear me! sakes alive!

Them wheels began to whizz and whirl! I heard a fearful snap, And there was that bedstead, with 'Bijah in side, shut up jest like a trap! I screamed, of course, but 'twasn't no use. Then I worked that hull long night A-tryin' to open the pasky thing. At last I got in a fright:

I couldn't hear his voice inside, and I thought he might be dyin'; So I took a crowbar and smashed it in. There was 'Bijah, peacefully lyin', Inventin' a way to git out agin. That was all very well to say, But I don't believe he'd have found it out if I'd left him in all day.

Now, wence I've told you my story, do you wonder I'm tired of my life! Or think it strange I often wish I warn't an inventor's wife! —E. T. Corbett, in Harper's Bazar.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Among the oldest of smokers—Chimneys. "Every cloud has its silver lining." The boy who has the mumps can stay away from school. "I shall husband my resources," said the rich woman when she married a poor clerk.—Merchant-Traveler.

When the palm of your hand itches it is a sign that you are going to get some money—when you earn it. A miss is not as good as a mile, for a miss has only two feet, while a mile has 5,280. Shoot the maxim maker.—Merchant-Traveler.

You will observe this: Satan never offers to go into partnership with a bizzay man, but you will often see him offer to fine the lazy, and furnish all the capital beside.—Josh Billings.

When uncle came to dinner he always said grace before meat, and the little truthseeker of five years asked, "Papa, why don't you go to sleep and talk before you eat, same as uncle does?" The composer who writes a song entitled "What's the Size of Your Father's Boot?" should follow it with a dirge called, "He Has No Music in His Sole." Thus, he will be enabled to make both ends meet.—Sittings.

"So you are married at last, Charlie. I hear that your wife is a very energetic woman and keeps things stirred up. Of course you married her for love?" "No," said the husband, bracing up, "I married her to cure my dyspepsia." "Ma," said a thoughtful boy, "I don't think that Solomon was so rich as they say he was." "Why, my dear?" "Because the Bible says he slept with his fathers, and if he had been so rich he would have had a bed of his own."—London Society.

"Oh, papa, dear, I wish you'd come home. I'm really afraid mamma has taken a drop too much." "Gracious heavens, child, what do you mean?" "That new homoeopathic medicine, you know. I'm afraid I've given her seven drops instead of six."—Punch.